

# A P O E M

O N

t. Paul's being *Preserved* from the late *Fire*, that happened in it  
February the 27th, 169<sup>8</sup>.

**Y**ES! now 'twill rise what ere the Fates have done,  
Or can t' Obstruct what was so well begun,  
'Twill rise, and be once more as truly Great,  
As e'er before, and as before Compleat ;  
'Twill Stand, ( and Universal Wonder move )  
A *Heaven* below or Like to that above :  
I know it will----That *swift devouring Foe*,  
That did before its utmost Malice show,  
That laid it's Ancient Stately Towers wast,  
And all its Beauty spoil'd, is now at last  
Strangely defective grown, and well it may,  
When e'er Heaven stops its Course it must obey :  
The place ( the fatal place ) it chose indeed,  
To make its Onset, seem'd as tho' decreed  
To seize the *Whole*, as it had done the *Quire*.  
*That Fort must fall whose Magazine's on Fire.*  
But not so here----the wise all-ruling Hand  
( That kindles Flames, and can those Flames Command, )  
Soon interpos'd and its intended Spoil  
Prevented soon, this pleasing Sacred Pile;  
( 'Tis now resolv'd, said he ) must stand unmov'd,  
Be even mine, and be for ever Lov'd.  
One Element shall twice the World Destroy  
As soon as one shall twice my House Annoy.  
On this an Anthem strait within *that Sphere*  
Was Sung to Him, for Angels still are there,  
The Organs too ( amidst the Fire and Smoke )  
Tun'd up a new, and in his Praises Spoke;  
The very Flame was Pleas'd at this, and strove  
To reach *his Altar* not in Rage, but Love,  
And ( as its custome was ) from thence wou'd go,  
When Kindled by some fervent Saint below  
Wou'd go a swift Embassador to Heaven,  
For greater Favours, if such can be given:  
And then Rest *there* to show how Men Adore  
To expiate its Sacrilege before.  
At which the *grosser Part* in haste withdrew,  
It durst not, could not greater Mischief do ;  
That *sacred Place* shall stand, and may defie  
A Flameing, or a more Malignant Enemy,  
Shall stand, and not as now, but all Compleat,  
And be as *Israel's* was *Jehovah's* Seat ;  
Just as it Shone in all its Beauteous Dress,  
This can't be more, nor yet at last be less,  
And may without a Miracle be done  
Within some Annual Circuits of the Sun.  
Did our great *Patriots* cast but such a Smile,  
As they of late have on our *Happy Isle*,  
Twou'd soon be made a *perfect* Glorious Pile.

By M. B.